

**i stare at the mirror (mirror stares back) by
thicklykeen (orphan_account)**

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Will Byers is the new kid and Mike Wheeler is the nerd who always has a cigarette between his lips.

1. one

Author's Note:

i'm going on a whim with this thing because I got this idea at like 4 am so please enjoy it cause its gonna get dumb real fast :)

Summary for the Chapter:

will byers summer is ending and school is starting.
he's more than a little nervous about it.

Summer was over, school was starting, and Will Byers was new. He was anxious, of course. It would be his second year without Jonathan at home and on top of it all, he is in completely new territory. Jonathan was always there to comfort him when he got nervous, but now he had nothing but himself and his mom. Will hadn't had a nightmare in forever, but with the amount of change he'd been surrounded by lately, he was scared they were going to come back. Hawkins, Indiana was small. Most of these kids have known each other since preschool, and here's a newcomer who definitely sticks out like a sore thumb with his nervousness. His mom is trying her best to make this seem like it's not all new, but it is. This only makes Will even more nervous and he feels a wave of nausea hit him. Will takes a deep breath in and closes his eyes, he'll be fine. He'll be okay.

Will bounds around the corner into his kitchen. He's still getting used to the layout of the house, it's not like his old one. It's smaller, but he likes it more than his old house. He also likes Hawkins more. Hawkins is feels more homey, like he belongs there. Hawkins seems to have more people who have open arms than people who would shun you. It's a feeling Will likes, but it also doesn't kill down the way his stomach churns while he eats breakfast. He stops around five bites in, Joyce looks up at him, a glint of worry in her eye.

"Are you okay? Do you feel fine?" Joyce says, voice laced with concern. Will gives her a small smile, he'll be fine. He knows he'll be fine.

"I'm fine, Mom," Will says. Joyce gives him a nervous smile, and if he weren't trying to encourage his mom right now, he'd be throwing up in the bathroom. This would be okay, though. He could pull through the day, he could manage.

Will second guesses himself. Maybe he can't do it.

When Will arrives at Hawkins High School, his stomach drops. Hawkins may be a small town, but there are so many kids in this school. Well, there seem to be. Will heads straight to the front office, he gets his schedule and he gets a quick tour around the school. The school is small and he quickly forgets where his locker is in the mess of classrooms and kids. When it comes down to it all, he's the only thing Hawkins High is talking about. It makes him sit uncomfortably at lunch, he's being stared at by lots of students, but most are turned away finally.

Will frightens when he hears a tray, a chorus of trays, slam down beside him and in front of him. The kid taking the seat to the right of him has busted out jeans, yellow Converse, a ringer tee, and a dark set of messy curls to set it all off. His face is covered in freckles, Will notices, too. The boy to the left of him has a mini afro, a red leather jacket, a superhero T-Shirt, a pair of jeans with no holes in them, and a black pair of Vans. In front of him is a boy with messy brown hair, curls hidden under a baseball cap, wearing a graphic T-Shirt. Will is slightly taken aback at how fast these boys sat down. They could just be sitting next to him because he was the New Kid, but deep down, something told Will that wasn't the reason. There was also something that told him the only reason they did sit with him was because of his New Kid status. Blow out jeans turns to him and sticks out a pale hand.

"Michael Wheeler, a resident loser of Hawkins," he says. Will takes the boys hand, it's warm against Will's clammy and cold palms.

"Will Byers. Nice to meet you, Michael," Will says. Michael gives him a soft smile, and turns back to his lunch tray.

"Call me Mike," Mike says. Will nods, turning to face the boy with

the baseball cap.

“I’m Dustin Henderson! Also, a resident loser of Hawkins,” he tips his cap and gives a toothless, goofy grin. It makes Will chuckle, and suddenly he doesn’t feel as nervous as he did.

“And I’m Lucas. I’d like to say I’m the coolest of the group, but that’s up for you to decide,” Lucas says. That also makes Will chuckle, and the others are laughing, too. There’s something warm about Dustin, he feels very welcoming, like a brother, really. Something drew him in to Mike Wheeler, though. And really, he’d have to solve the puzzle that was Mike Wheeler before he ever learned his own feelings for the boy.

2. uwu not a chapter

Summary for the Chapter:

pls read this its important

Hey! So, I wanted to post this up on here before I orphaned/deleted this work. I was wondering if anyone wanted it??? If you do, talk to me in the comments or message me on tumblr (@funkyhypnotic). Thank you!

Author's Note:

find me on tumblr @http-voltroncoalition/
thanks for sticking around. lets hope this fic will
actually get updated all the time